

## WORST STORM IN YEARS

Boston and North Shore Hit  
Hard

## EIGHTEEN INCHES OF SNOW

With the Wind Blowing 40 Miles an  
Hour—Everett Flooded and 2,000  
People Removed from Their  
Homes in Boats.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 27.—A big storm struck here at 1 o'clock yesterday morning and extended from Cape Cod all along the coast as far as Portsmouth, according to present reports and reached about thirty miles inland, doing great damage everywhere. The wind from the northeast drove the sea into the harbor and the tide was the highest since 1851. On Cape Cod the wind blew 82 miles an hour, which made this the worst storm since 1898. In this city 18 inches of snow fell. In the harbor many vessels broke from their moorings but were rescued by tugs.

At Everett, back of Chelsea, where many houses are built on low land, there was a big flood that caused much damage and suffering. The water rose as high as the second story windows and many families were rescued by boats from the United States Marine hospital, about 2,000 persons being taken out. On East Levent street, Cornelius Harkins and his wife were drowned in bed, while in another house an infant child was drowned.

The towns along the shore were considerably damaged. At Nantasket Beach several houses have had their piazzas and underpinning washed away. Much damage was done at Lynn and the storm seems to have been at its worst along the north shore.

### GEORGE P. SHELDON DEAD.

Was Deposed President of Phenix Insurance Company.

Greenwich, Conn., Dec. 27.—George Preston Sheldon, the deposed president of the Phenix (fire) insurance company of Brooklyn, under indictment for grand larceny in connection with financial irregularities in the company, recently exposed by the state insurance department of New York, died at his home here Saturday, ignorant of the fact that detectives were awaiting with extradition papers ready to take him to New York for trial in the event of his recovery. At the time the affairs of the company were assigned in a statement by the New York insurance department recently, Sheldon lay critically ill of pneumonia poisoning, and in view of his condition, details of the investigation and news of his indictment were withheld from him. He had never rallied, however, and his death had been expected for several weeks.

### FREDERIC REMINGTON DEAD.

Operation for Appendicitis Proves Fatal to Famous Artist.

New York, Dec. 27.—Frederic Remington, the famous artist, died at his country home at Ridgefield, Conn., at 9 o'clock yesterday morning. He had been ill only since Thursday night, when he was seized with pains, which led to an operation for appendicitis, on Friday morning. Mrs. Remington was with him when he died. They had no children. The body will be taken to Canton, N. Y., to-day for burial.

### Dillingham's Work.

When Senator Dillingham a few years ago was appointed chairman of the immigration commission selected by Congress to investigate and report concerning possible means of improving the quality of foreigners allowed to enter this country, it was not unusual to meet a smile, raised by the suspicion that the Vermont senator had landed in a soft berth, with ample opportunity for travel and study at government expense and large emolument for alleged service. Nothing of the kind has developed, however. The commission has found plenty to do and has done it with thoroughness. One of its lines of investigation led to a study of the so-called "white slave" traffic—the bringing of immigrant girls and women for immoral purposes. The commission has just made a partial report to Congress covering its findings and including recommendations, which was presented by Senator Dillingham, Dec. 10, and ordered printed. The revelations contained are of a startling and shocking nature. Few persons imagined that this nefarious traffic was as widespread and well organized as it is, or that so much real evil resulted from it. The government has to deal here with a matter demanding instant attention. It is a most difficult problem to cope with effectively, yet it must be done. Senator Dillingham is at work upon amendments to the federal immigration laws calculated to reduce the traffic to the minimum. He is taking the lead in legislation of the utmost importance to the morals and well-being of the country.—Randolph Herald and News.

### Northfield's New Weather Bureau.

Northfield has been granted an observatory for her weather bureau, a fine new building having been granted by the treasury folks in Washington who believe in weather. Incidentally the new installation will be a seismograph, designed to record tremors, convulsions and upheavals of the earth. One of the most probable acts of the earthquake-reformer will undoubtedly be to observe the bursting of earthly bonds and wrenching of strata that accompany the Washington county announcement of a candidate for lieutenant-governor.—Rutland Herald.

### PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

PASO ORIENTAL is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

## Sarsatabs

Chocolate-coated tablets, combine the most successful remedies for all humors and eruptions, stomach, liver and kidney ailments, loss of appetite, that food fails to give. They are a solid extract of Hood's Sarsaparilla, having all its wonderful medicinal power, pleasant to take and exceedingly economical. They give satisfaction, except to people preferring tablets to liquid medicines. 100 doses \$1. Druggists everywhere. C. J. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. If Made by Hood It's Good.

## MAN IS KILLED, BOY ESCAPES

J. M. Knight of Corinth is Victim—  
Loses Life Crossing Railroad Tracks  
at Somerville, Mass.

Boston, Dec. 27.—John M. Knight, aged 62 years, was killed by an express train in front of the Prospect hill station on the southern division of the B. & M. R. R., Somerville, shortly before 4 Friday afternoon.

Mr. Knight, a resident of Corinth, Vt., for the past two months, has been visiting at the home of Mrs. Patrick H. Coyle, 23 Knowlton street, a relative by marriage. He was accompanied by Dewey Coyle, the 11-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Coyle, and was on his way to a drug store when the accident occurred.

The two passed through the alleyway leading to the tracks from Tufts street only to find a freight train in their way. They walked beside the tracks and when the last car of the train had passed, the two started to cross the tracks. The boy ran ahead and was just in time to escape the outward bound express train that left the North station at 3:51.

Mr. Knight stepped directly in front of the locomotive and was struck and thrown about 15 feet. When the station agent and others arrived at his side life was found to be extinct.

Mr. Knight was well known in Corinth, where he was secretary of Minerva lodge, A. F. and A. M., and had for many years been employed in the office of the town treasurer. His two nearest relatives are nephews, J. D. Knight of West Somerville and Col. Charles K. Darling of Concord, Mass. The body will be taken to Corinth for burial.

## THE GUARD WAS ANGRY.

But the Pretty Girl Didn't Need His Protection.

Passengers on a subway car bound from Brooklyn to New York on Sunday afternoon had an experience that first caused frowns and then a laugh. The car was crowded, but all the women had seats. On the platform was a middle aged man, apparently respectable. On a side seat was a girl in old rose, with cheeks to match.

The man on the platform caught her eye for a moment and threw a frantic kiss. The girl first smiled, then blushed furiously.

He threw another, and she turned away a crimsoned face.

"That will about do for you," said the big, rawboned guard. "Go home to your wife."

This didn't seem to worry the apparently respectable man, and, catching a glint from the girl's eyes, he threw another kiss. She turned her face to study carefully a pretty hat across the car.

At the Manhattan end of the bridge the girl rose to leave the car. The man who was trying to flirt with her also faced the sliding door. By that time all eyes were on the pair, the guard was mad all through, and a couple of passengers edged dangerously close.

The girl in old rose took the arm of the apparently respectable man and said in a silvery voice that all could hear:

"Oh, papa, how could you?" Then everybody laughed at a joking father and a lovely daughter.—New York Press.

## CONQUERED HER RIVAL.

Pretty and Pathetic Story of Jenny Lind and Grisi.

Jenny Lind and Grisi were both rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a concert before the queen. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi that she was at the point of failure when suddenly an inspiration came to her.

The accompanist was striking the final chords. She asked him to rise and took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was a silence—the silence of admiring wonder.

The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now. Instead a teardrop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, uttering regardless of the audience.

### Revised the Bill.

A young solicitor got a verdict for a client of considerable riches, but little beauty. Shortly afterward, in due course of business, he sent her a somewhat formidable account. On the following day his client called on him and asked him if he had been serious in his proposal.

"Propose?" But I have not proposed," replied the solicitor, somewhat abashed.

"What?" replied the fair client calmly. "You have asked for my fortune. I should have supposed that you would at least have had the politeness to take me along with it."

The next day she received a revised account as follows:

"Miss B., debtor to Mr. C. for legal business performed."

Then in place of "£ s. d." was "Total amount, Miss B."—London Telegraph.

## AT NATIONAL CAPITAL

President Planning Drastic  
Reforms

## THINGS EXPECTED OF TAFT

Indications That He Will Out-Roosevelt  
Roosevelt in His Coming Special  
Message and Get Support for  
His Policy.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 27.—The dispatches understood to be authorized by the White House to the effect that it is untrue, as has been promulgated in some parts of the country, that the president is weakening on what he will say in his special message to Congress bearing on the proposed traffic law amendments, are interesting; not, however, so much because, as stated, that the president is standing by his guns to recommend to the limit the suggestions of the commission appointed by him to study and report on the subject, as from the statement on the dispatches that "the president will send his message with better heart because he has been assured by the leaders in Congress that they will stand by him in his recommendations."

That is very important, if true. The recommendations that the president will make will be drastic indeed. Mr. Roosevelt's pale beside them. It is admitted by the administration that they are more radical than any Mr. Roosevelt conceived. Yet what a battle Mr. Roosevelt fought with Congress to get the railroad legislation that was finally made law! Many of the things Mr. Taft will recommend were debated on the floors of both houses, and debated fiercely, and they were rejected. Mr. Roosevelt could not save them, and now Mr. Taft promises recommendations that the radical proposition that made the railroad rate law such a notable and bitter fight, and apparently says that he has the assurances of the Republican leaders that his program will become law.

There has then ensued a marked change of front among the leaders, and Mr. Taft has proved himself a wizard in outlying Congress to do his bidding. And the change must have taken place only recently, for not so long ago one of the interstate commerce leaders, Senator Elkins himself, said that such a program as that recommended by the president's commission could never be got through Congress. To be sure, Mr. Elkins does not always speak by the card, and he not infrequently is bowled over by the leaders, but it would appear from what he said and from what others have said, having knowledge of the situation, that Congress, and certainly the Senate, could not be induced or persuaded to assent to the president's broad railroad program. For the ideas that Mr. Taft will recommend such men as Senators Cummins and La Follette are understood to be heartily in favor of, but they declare their skepticism that the suggestions will become law through enactment by Congress.

TAFT DEFINES WHISKEY.

President Says it is All Potable Liquor Distilled from Grain.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 27.—President Taft yesterday decided the question, "What is whiskey?" differing in his decision from Wiley, chief chemist of the department of agriculture, Lloyd N. Bowers, solicitor general, and former Attorney General Bonaparte.

"After an examination of all evidence," President Taft says: "It seems overwhelmingly established that for a hundred years the term 'whiskey' in trade and among customers, has included all potable liquor distilled from grain; that straight whiskey is, as compared with whiskey made by rectification or redistillation and flavoring and coloring matter, a subsequent improvement and that therefore it is a perversion of the pure food act to attempt now to limit the meaning of the term 'whiskey' to that which modern manufacturers and tasters have made a most desirable variety."

COOK NOW IN EUROPE.

Friend Issues Statement as to Whereabouts.

New York, Dec. 27.—Charles Wake, the insurance man, who has been one of the staunchest believers in Cook, has concluded that his faith in the Arctic explorer has been misplaced. He issued a statement last night in which he told the story of his relations with Cook.

After relating how Cook had practically been driven into seclusion by denunciation and threats, Mr. Wake tells of the steps he took to assist him. He says Cook is now in Europe, disguised and under an assumed name, and Mrs. Cook is believed to be there too. When last heard from Cook was in Lisbon under the name of Fred Hunter.

A reference of my warning to scientific causes may be weakened by its dependence on a dream. Dreams are now believed to be simply mental activity of the dreamer. But why should not that mental activity have experienced as well as when the mind is awake? And if so, why could not what was experienced be communicated? I can conceive of my wife's communicating her experience to me through thought transference as readily as I can conceive of a message sent by wireless telegraph to a vessel far out at sea. This process may some day be solved. How she gained a knowledge of our danger is a problem a solution of which must be more remote.

Never Forget's Em.

"Mind is continually giggling. She seems to have an ever present sense of humor."

"Not at all. What she has is simply an ever present consciousness of dummies."—Boston Transcript.

This is the trademark which is found on every bottle of the genuine

Scott's Emulsion

the standard Cod Liver Oil preparation of the world. Nothing equals it to build up the weak and wasted bodies of young and old. All Druggists

Send this name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Scott's Emulsion and CHAMBERLAIN'S Cough Syrup. Both books contain a Good Cook Recipe. SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.

## BRAIN MESSAGE BY WIRELESS.

By MARTIN ANDREWS.  
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

This is an age of rationalism. Every day we are more inclined to condemn superstition and certain frauds by which it is supported. But while we are losing faith in the miraculous there is a growing disposition to explain wonders scientifically.

I am especially subject to thought transference, and so is my wife. When together a thought no sooner enters the head of one of us than the other gives expression to it. I am a scientific man and expect the time to come when one will be able to detect the subtle cause or means of this communication.

Some years ago I went as scientist on an exploring expedition. We were obliged to enter into an ocean that was then comparatively unknown. Our maps were the best that could be obtained, but had not received the same attention as other districts. Besides, convulsions beneath the sea are constantly occurring to change the conditions.

We were sailing northward, within a hundred miles of a coast running northeast and southwest. It was near midnight. I was sound asleep in my berth. Suddenly I awoke. What occurred during this awakening I am not going to attempt to explain except negatively. It was not a dream. It was not a vision. I heard nothing. I saw nothing. It was rather a consciousness. In that infinitesimal bit of time, during which I passed from a sound sleep to a wide awake condition, my wife, who was several thousand miles distant from me, was gesticulating wildly, convulsed with terror, pointing and crying, "Keep off!"

As I have said, I received this as a brain impression. The moment I was awake it was gone. There were the usual roll of the ship and creaking of timbers, and I looked out of the porthole. The night was starlight, and there was a breeze at hand. Nevertheless what had occurred had impressed me thoroughly with a sense of danger. I arose, put on my clothes and went on deck. The officer in charge, John Jacobson, was pacing the after deck. There was no land in sight, nothing but a broad expanse of ocean.

"What is it?" asked the officer as I joined him.

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Why? You wouldn't be coming up here at this time of night for nothing. Besides, you look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"John," I replied, "will you do something for me without a reason?"

"What is it?"

"That's shoreward out there, isn't it?" I pointed westward.

"Yes."

"Put her off to northwest."

"Good Lord! What for?"

"It will be without a reason."

"What will the old man do to me?"

"I'll take the responsibility and stand between you and him. Come, John, be quick! There's danger ahead!"

He seemed to catch an inspiration of fear from me and gave the necessary orders. As the ship was rounding to her new course I went to the port gunwale and looked over.

"Come here, quick!" I called to the officer.

He came and looked over the side with me.

"What's that?" I asked.

"I see nothing," he replied.

"Not that whitish line out there?"

He continued to peer and suddenly cried under his breath, "Great heavens!"

Then he gave the order to the helmsman to sheer off to starboard. He saw, as I did, a thin white line. It could only be foam and could only come from submerged rocks. It ran north and south, broken here and there by the dark water to reappear farther on. We got only a glimpse of it, for our change of course served to take us away from it. For a time we both stood with bated breath, every moment expecting a shock or to hear the hold beneath us grating on a reef. Then I went below and called the captain.

We saw no more evidences of the sunken reef, but on reaching the next port learned that it had been recently discovered by others. Its appearance dated from the last earthquake on the coast.

I made a note of the day, hour and minute, as near as the latter was possible, that my warning came to me, and when some months later I returned to my wife I told her my story.

Without waiting to hear me through she interrupted to tell me that while I was away she had dreamed she saw our ship sailing toward a sunken reef. She tried to warn us off, but could not do so. Her terror awoke her. She looked up the date and found it tallied with my memorandum.

A reference of my warning to scientific causes may be weakened by its dependence on a dream. Dreams are now believed to be simply mental activity of the dreamer. But why should not that mental activity have experienced as well as when the mind is awake? And if so, why could not what was experienced be communicated? I can conceive of my wife's communicating her experience to me through thought transference as readily as I can conceive of a message sent by wireless telegraph to a vessel far out at sea. This process may some day be solved. How she gained a knowledge of our danger is a problem a solution of which must be more remote.

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## ZELAYA IN MEXICO'S CARE

Leaves Nicaragua on Gunboat  
Guerrero

## FAREWELL SALUTE FIRED

The Managuans Are Relieved by the  
Departure of the ex-President.

Madrid Now at the Helm.

San Juan del Sur, Nicaragua, Dec. 27.—Jose Santos Zelaya, the ex-president of Nicaragua, has taken himself out of the country and is now aboard the Mexican gunboat Gen. Guerrero, bound for Salina Cruz. Under the cover of darkness Thursday morning, Zelaya, accompanied by a heavily-armed guard, proceeded to Corinto, in which port the Mexican warship had been lying for several days close beside the United States protected cruiser Albany. Other American warships swung at anchor in the harbor, with marines aboard, lazily awaiting instructions.

Zelaya's coming was unheralded, but a guard from the Guerrero received him, and soon he was safe under the protection of the Mexican flag. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the warship weighed anchor and pointed out to sea. A salute of 13 guns was fired from the shore and hundreds of soldiers and citizens waved the former dictator a farewell from the beach. Zelaya stood alone and waved back an answer. He uncovered when abreast of the Albany, but the American cruiser made no response. Then he turned toward the shore, gazing until out of sight. Shortly before the arrival of Zelaya at Corinto the United States gunboat Princeton got up steam and proceeded for San Juan del Sur. The rumor spread that the Princeton intended to watch the movements of the Mexican gunboat, but she proceeded directly down the coast, and her arrival at her destination was later reported, greatly relieving the anxiety of the Zelayan adherents.

Zelaya was entertained at luncheon at Corinto by the commandant of the port, whose guests included the Mexican minister and the officers of the Gen. Guerrero. There were no toasts, but an informal discussion of the battle of Rama was indulged in. Zelaya expressed the fear that President Madrid would not be able to cope with the situation, as he was not a military man. He said that the army of the government had been reduced to skeletons by privations due to the failure of the new administration to forward rations, and he was glad that the army had surrendered, as a great loss of life was thus avoided.

## FRAUD IN NICARAGUA.

Arrests Ordered by the New President, Madrid.

Managua, Nicaragua, Dec. 27.—Acting on the orders of President Madrid, the police have arrested Ernesto Martinez, minister of finance under Zelaya, Joaquin Panos, the son-in-law of Zelaya, and T. Santos Ramirez. The first two are charged with the embezzlement of public funds, the circulation of unsigned paper money and the failure to register government bonds, while Ramirez is accused of forging the name of Madrid to a dispatch, ordering the Nicaraguan troops to abandon their positions. The arrest of Panos and Martinez was due to the discovery that the financial condition of the country is alarming.

## An Independent Element.

Carbon is an elementary substance widely diffused throughout nature. It occurs uncombined in two distinct forms or allotropic conditions—viz., graphite or blacklead and the diamond, which is pure crystallized carbon. It is, however, more commonly found in combination with other elementary substances than to the free state. United with oxygen, it occurs as carbonic acid gas (CO<sub>2</sub>) and exists in the atmosphere. In natural waters, in limestone, dolomite and ironstone. In combination with hydrogen it forms the extensive series of chemical compounds known as hydrocarbons. It is also an important constituent of wood, starch, sugar, gum, oil, bone and flesh. No other element is so characteristic of the plant and animal world as carbon. In 1783 Lavoisier showed it to be an independent element. He furthermore proved the diamond to be the purest form of carbon and by combustion converted it into carbonic acid gas.—New York American.

## What She Imagined.

"Don't imagine," he said after she had refused him, "that I am going away to blow my brains out or drink myself to death."

"No," she replied. "I have no idea that you will do anything of that kind. You are going away to do some wonderful thing which will bring you wealth and fame and make me richer all the rest of my life that I didn't believe you when you intimated that you were one of the greatest little men that had ever come over the asphalt."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

## A Physician's Faith in Tuberculosis Medicine

"Have used it in several cases of tubercular glands of the neck, with excellent results every time. In one case it cost me \$50, for the girl was put on it only until she could arrange to be operated, and in a week, short time an operation was not needed. I suppose your records are just as fine as mine. You know my faith in the medicine."

Eckman's Alternative is the "medicine" referred to. Original of above letter on file at office of Eckman Mfg. Co., Philadelphia.

Eckman's Alternative is good for throat and lung trouble and is on sale in all drug stores, pharmacies and other druggists. Ask for booklet of cured cases, or write to Eckman Mfg. Co., Phila., Pa.

## STOMACH DISTRESS SIMPLY VANISHES

Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn or Dyspepsia  
Go, and You Feel Fine Five Minutes After Taking a Little  
Diapiesin.

If you had some Diapiesin handy and would take a little now, your stomach distress or indigestion would vanish in five minutes and you would feel fine.

This harmless preparation will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, out-of-order stomach before you realize it.

If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you do eat seems to fill you, or lays like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

Ask your pharmacist for a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin and take a little just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, nausea, debilitating headaches, dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no undigested food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapiesin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it prevents fermentation and takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is at any drugstore waiting for you.

These large 50-cent cases contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure almost any case of dyspepsia, indigestion or any other stomach disturbance.

## A NEW YEAR CONTEST

By ADELAIDE RUTH HILL.  
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

"The New Year day" of old New York—and it was then a great function with the Dutch men and Dutch women of that town—was at hand. It was in a transition state. The simple visits of the inhabitants, where they made few calls and spent plenty of time drinking schnapps at each call, were passing out with the growth of the place, and already some of the fashionable young men were beginning to boast of the number of visits they would make.

Miss Kate Van Gaasback was then the belle of the town, and two of the city "blooms," Derrick Schermerhorn and Beekman Van Corlaer, were aspirants for her hand. A few evenings before the 1st of January they happened to meet in Miss Van Gaasback's parlor, each hoping for a favorable answer to his suit.

"I desire," said the lady, "for a husband one who will join with me in a successful society career. You two each take a notebook with you when you call on New Year's day and have every lady you call upon enter her name in it. Begin calling at 10 o'clock in the morning, ending your rounds here at 5 in the evening. He who can show the largest number of signatures shall have preference over the other."

Now, it was not that the lady had no preference. She had a very strong preference for Derrick Schermerhorn. But at times a woman moves like a crab, backward—that is, when she is expected to go forward she proceeds in the opposite direction. This, however, will be recognized at the end of the story. At 10 o'clock on New Year's morning the two suitors, dressed in the height of the then fashion and each with a big bouquet in his buttonhole, started to make the rounds of their lady friends. Derrick, who from the fact that his father was a rich brewer was popular, had been able to make the larger list. Beekman relied this and had great fears that his own list would be exhausted before the limit of time had elapsed. However, he could do only what he could and accept defeat, if it came, like a man.

The first call Derrick made was on Miss Van Horn. After a few remarks he was bowing himself out when the lady reminded him that it was not complimentary that he should hurry and he must have some refreshment. He waited half an hour for the refreshment to be served, then, after partaking of it, got away as soon as possible. At his second call the lady insisted on reading to him from her favorite book, and he found it impossible to leave her under three-quarters of an hour. Even then she reproached him. The third call was made with a similar delay. After this came a number of visits which were completed with dispatch. And so passed the day. About one in three of those he called on delayed him.

Now, it happened that about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the two suitors met at the house of Vanderpole Ten Eyck, a manufacturer of calico, in King street. There were a number of girls in the party, and they had heard that a contest was on between the young men as to who would make the most calls. A very surrounded each of the girls snatched Beekman's notebook from his pocket and ran away with it. Having examined it, she sang out:

"Thirty-two calls!"

This was bad news to Derrick, who knew that he had made only twenty-eight. It was half past 4, and even if Beekman made no more visits Derrick must make five more to beat him. He started to go, but the mischievous girls locked the front door. But a rear door was open, and he plunged through it, followed closely by his opponent. This door led through